

THE TEATRO MARIONETTE

UNIQUE PLACE OF AMUSEMENT DESCRIBED BY A TRAVELER.

The Puppets That Enact the Play Are Loose-Jointed Wooden Figures—Located in "Little Italy."

"Out in San Francisco there is a unique theater such as can be found nowhere else in the United States," said a New York traveling man in the Denison Hotel lobby the other evening. "I know of nothing like it in any other American city, even New York, and yet it is a fact that very few visitors in 'Frisco ever hear anything about the queer little playhouse and it is doubtful if half the inhabitants of the town are aware of its existence. I have journeyed to the coast on business trips several times, but never until a month ago was I fortunate enough to find my way to the Teatro Marionette—for that is its name. The theater is located in 'Little Italy,' where the language, the customs and the people are all Italian. The community has its own social sets, its own newspaper and its own amusements, of which this funny little theater is one. Every night a three-act play is presented there by little wooden figures, and the play is always one of intense tragic interest—never comedy. The theater is in an old store building, and there is nothing to indicate that it is a playhouse except the big crude painting hanging over its door—a highly-colored picture of two armored knights mounted on fiery horses, and locked in deadly combat.

"The interior of the theater is something long to be remembered and the smell is something that you can't forget, no matter how you may try. The ceiling is only twelve feet above the floor, and yet there is a gallery running around three of the walls in the rear! If you are the possessor of a down-stairs seat you have to almost crawl under the gallery to get to your chair. The gallery is patronized nearly as much by women and children, who come to consider it a nervous man's house, its only disconcerting feature being the necessity of leaning forward to keep their heads from bumping against the ceiling. There are two sections to the front half comprising the reserved seat portion, for which you must pay an additional 5 cents, the general admission being a dime. The reserved seats are black wooden chairs with big white numbers painted on them, and the occupant of one of them may place his feet on a little strip of carpet if he doesn't prefer to cook them up on the rounds of the chair in front of him.

PECULIAR LITTLE STAGE.

"The stage, which extends the full width of the theater, is about four feet high, and like the rest of the interior, is decorated with pink, green and gold paint, and sports a curtain similar to the one hanging over the door outside. The orchestra, consisting of a six-eyed little pianist and a sadder piano, is sandwiched in between the stage and the first row of reserved seats. The musician is a hard worker, and he certainly earns every penny of the meager pay he receives. He has a big bunch of soiled and torn music on the instrument before him, but I noticed that he seldom paid any attention to the notes. I couldn't make out whether the printed music was all a bluff, or whether he was so familiar with it that he found it unnecessary to give it any attention. He plays continuously throughout the entire performance, and you'll realize what an artist he is when I tell you that the night I took in the show he managed to get away with half a bag of peanuts without breaking the continuity of his musical programme. Whenever the opportunity offered he would play for a moment with one hand, while he managed in some way to shell and put the peanuts into his mouth with the other. Just try to accomplish this feat yourself if you consider it an easy one. That fellow won my everlasting admiration on the spot.

"The peanut vender, by the way, is an important factor in the theater. I believe he owns a half interest in the enterprise. He mixes among the men downstairs with an enormous basket of peanuts on his arm, shouting 'Peanuts' at the top of his voice. It is not necessary for him to go up to the gallery; whenever he has a customer on the floor above he simply hands the bag of peanuts up over the gallery rail without budging from his position in the middle of the main floor. The theater is only twenty feet wide, and the peanut man stands in the center aisle during the greater part of the evening waiting for his patrons to come to him. Its only when business is unusually dull that he bestirs himself in search of customers.

"When the audience is assembled for the entertainment it is as interesting a spectacle as one can see anywhere in this country. Everybody knows everybody else; women lean over the gallery rail to shake hands with some friends below; the young Italian youths cast languishing glances from underneath their heavy eyelashes at the dark-skinned young girls that have accompanied their parents to the play; there are greetings such as 'Hi, Giovanni!' 'Hi, Luigi!' and a babble of Latin words with broken with lightning-like rapidity. The odor—gracious! but its stifling. Such a remarkable mixture of tobacco, garlic and that indescribable smell of crowded humanity! If the American visitor can but accustom himself to that discouraging smell he will surely enjoy the evening's entertainment, to say nothing of the amusement he will get out of the audience itself.

BEGINS WITH A SONG.

"The show always begins with a song, sung by a heavy-set cavalier dressed in a faded suit of green and brown velvet. The singer possesses a tremendous baritone voice, and sings in perfect tune, but the song is seemingly an endless one. Everybody appears to enjoy it hugely, however, and when at last it comes to an end with a sensational finale, during which the singer almost bursts a blood vessel, the audience shouts out its enthusiastic approval in a manner that would put an Anglo-Saxon assembly to shame. Then the performance proper begins, and what an earnest business it is. The puppets that enact the play are loose-jointed wooden figures about three feet high, with wonderfully painted faces and costumes that resemble Joseph's famous coat. Their movements, of course, are controlled by their godfather up in the flies, who scorns invisible wires and uses instead very conspicuous rods that are attached to the arms and legs of the actors. And not only can you plainly see the rods upon which the figures move, but occasionally, when the most exciting scenes are taking place, the dirty hands of the manipulator above come into view. The imaginative Latin audience doesn't mind these things in the least, but accepts the play in all seriousness and with genuine artistic temperament. The man who works the figures really gives the whole show. And it is heavy tragedy from beginning to end. Although I couldn't understand a word of Italian I could easily fol-

low the action of the play and catch the drift of the thing.

"At first it all seemed very ridiculous to me—the wooden heads raised to high heaven, while the fearful voice of the manipulator registered an oath to have somebody's blood, or the passionate love-making of the double-jointed puppets, the man in the left carrying on the dual conversation in two distinctly different voices. But soon I began to appreciate the fact that the fellow with the dirty hands, who was giving the entire play, was really an artist. There was genuine pathos in his voice at times, or again there was dramatic intensity that made me hold my breath in spite of myself. And for awhile I actually overlooked the funny side of the marionette play, so absorbed had I become in the emotions depicted by the Italian showman. The audience listened with rapt attention, and when the heroine of the tragedy fell upon her knees to utter a pathetic prayer in a voice broken with suffering there was many a wet eye in the little company of spectators.

"The puppet worker is a sort of Cyrano de Bergerac, giving voice to the joys, the sorrows, the pleasures and pains of all his characters—and receiving little credit himself for his trouble. For, although the patrons of the little theater regard the manipulator as a true artist, at the same time they are so imaginative that they look upon the marionettes as the real actors. That little miniature playhouse in San Francisco is surely the strangest theater in the United States, and the queerest thing about it is that it has so far escaped the attention of the sightseer."

NOT QUITE PERSUADED

MILLIONS FOR DR. BUEHLER HUNG BY A THREAD OF ELOQUENCE.

However, He Caused the Tempter to "Bike" Quickly Out of His Presence—A Story's Sad Ending.

Dr. Eugene Buehler, city sanitarian, threw millions away yesterday. He actually spurned the offer of a nervous man who called on him and showed him the golden path to opulence and luxury. He ignored his earnest arguments. He ennobled at his business ideas and sneered at his prospects. Then the man went away, with the sincere conviction that Dr. Buehler is not a man for this world.

The man came after the manner of a messenger boy who rings the front door-bell of the wrong house at midnight. He was full of confidence. His ruddy face and ponderous paunch considered in connection with eyes somewhat bloodshot and a peculiar odor of hops might indicate to less analytical persons that a man who has to guess at small-pox—much as one has to guess "the little bike" in a well-known game—that he was full of other things. But he wasn't. It was only confidence. The man sat down, removed his hat, wiped his forehead and then tendered his millions.

Now, Dr. Buehler has directed his physiological studies to the purpose of understanding how to defeat the aggregation of adipose tissue in the human system. He has devised a thoroughly rational and gradual plan for reducing adipose tissue. It is largely dietetic and abstemious, but there is also slight medical treatment. Among some of his coterie of friends he has confided his system, and their experience has been that it accomplishes reduction with certainty and moderation. Knowing this, the man came to tender his millions.

EXPANDED HIS THEORY.
Col. Mabel Sellers would scarcely have expanded his scheme as Maj. George Drew did to Dr. Buehler. Said the major, with brotherly emphasis:

"You're a young man, ain't you? Of course; any one can see that. You haven't got J. Pierpont backed off the boards either, have you? Of course, I only assume that. But here you've delivered the goods, as it were; have made good and proper on a proposition that has baffled medical skill for a thousand years. I know it. I have read all the darned books and things and heard lectures by all kinds of physicians and taken courses in everything from osteopathy to voodooism and I know. See? Here's your chance. Don't take much cash to line this cloud with silver either. Just a few hundred planted in the right hands for testimonials and things and the ball is started. Roll on, little ball, I say! It grows. We hand out the goods where it will breed the water moat and then we get out our nets for the golden trout.

"Suppose we start out with some up-to-date testimonials. Take D. B. Shideler for instance. We'll dope him with this stuff—and that's your end of the partnership—and when he is down to the limit we'll put in two photographs of him—before and after. See? We'll have an indictment signed by him saying: 'For thirty years I weighed 347 pounds and could find no relief. I have been using your medicine for thirty days and now people call me Bob Bryson and want jobs on the police force. I owe you all, Dr. Buehler.'

"Or take 'Squire Nickerson. Feed him your pills and we'll hang a Grand Army badge on him so that in the before-taking picture it will look like a pin-head and in the after-taking picture it will show up like the electric headlight on a Greenwood car."

"How would a testimonial like this from Frank B. Burke sound, spread over ten inches across three columns, with a special border: 'Dear Dr. Buehler—I have found out my mistake. When I ran for Governor I weighed 215 pounds. I have taken your system and have lost so much flesh that I feel like running for President. You have them all skinned to a frazzle and I am with you.' Glorious! A winner with the masses.

IN M'GOWAN'S OFFICE.
"Suppose I'd butt my way into Hugh McGowan's office and square away with him on some of that stuff, and after we've brought him down to a nine by three door we'll have him so jolted that he'll authorize his fourteenth assistant to sign this testimonial: 'Dear Dr. Buehler—I wish to commend your treatment. Since I took your treatment I have lost forty-seven pounds and three ounces. This is the only thing I ever lost in my life.'

"But," said Dr. Buehler, "I don't know McGowan, and—"

"A trifle, Doc. You leave that to me. I'll be the man behind the bottle, as it were. I'll trip 'em up and lead 'em, whenever they're taking Jimmy Moriarty, for instance. Rheumatism, Democracy nor nothing else can reduce his weight. We'll hand him a bunch of your system and direct attention to the Council meetings. We'll stand him on the bill boards with this slogan: 'Arrah na Pogue! If old Malachi was alive he'd give his collar of gold for some of your smooth oil. It's better than goose grease and has reduced my weight so much that I feel like I'm violating Jim Billingsley's weights and measures ordinance. Exit comes heraus!' That's what I call my original racial advertising."

"Suppose I nail John Holtzman as a representative German and tie him up with a window hanger in red and yellow, saying: 'Ach du Albert—I mean lieker. Since using your destroyer of man's unhappiness I can now pass through a door without laying down and rolling through. Hoch der Dr. Buehler! Enkel! Dramatic! Ah, it's a little letter reading: Last winter I could not handle more than a dollar stack of whites in my hand, but to-day, thanks to your wonderful cure, I can't handle thirty cents without wanting to cut you in on it! That's a trade method of expressing gratification."

"So, you see, there's no limit. That hot air will blow from face to face and from town to town and from State to State and from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the great lakes to the Gulf, you from pole to pole and from Beersheeba into Dan, and Buehler's ad-pose-not will have turned Grover Cleveland into a \$15 suit and the Sultan of Sulu will have to take up the slack in the royal belt. They'll all have to come and see Dr. Buehler, with the goods, too. And, when we've got more than the banks can cash, we'll get out our cleavers and chop it in two and out of pure philanthropy turn this blessed boon over to prosperity gratis, with free use of your world famous name blown in glass bottles."

He paused. In his face shone the bright light of triumph. Business judgment had overcome professional modesty. Had it? "You gibbering idiot!" said the doctor, bursting out into invective as a last resort, "you pachydermatous ass, you ecotone nonentity, if you don't tear out I'll spray you with muriatic acid!"

But Maj. George Drew and his millions had fled.

Where Were the Doctors?
Chicago Post.

The confession of Jane Toppin that in her philanthropic capacity of nurse she disposed of no less than thirty-one patients speaks gloriously for the watchfulness and capacity of the physicians with whom she was associated.

The Exorcism of Unhappiness.
She, who one time was my guest, Shall be guest no more. Dark the room that knew her best, Closed and barred the door; Every casement locked to her Who was sorrow's messenger.

Now forbidden in the place That she knew of old, Peers to seek or soiled With her cracked voice, pitched to wheeze Tales of great despondencies.

Oh! she said this heart of mine Like a funeral start; 'Neath her eyes the fire's bright shine Secured to fade and fall; When the sun was gold her gloom Made a shadow in the room.

Over-long she sat with me, Ere time made me wise, Hearing in her company Three-fold tales and lies Of old miseries that grew to pain. Even as she told them, now.

Be it lack of courtesy, Be it fault or sin, Nevermore to mine and me Shall she enter in; Nevermore my hands shall press Thine, oh, cruel Unhappiness!

Light the lamps and set the feast, Bid the music start; Oh! ye joys or sorrows, least, From my mind my hand part; Now I bid the dance begin— Pray ye laugh and enter in.

Enter in, while Time endures, Merry joys and sad; Heart and house and home are yours, Yours are roof and hearth; Greet me, please me cup to lip In your wondrous fellowship.

I am free who once was slave, Pray ye, friends, carouse; That this creature of the grave Is forbid my house. Lighten your eyes to me— Kiss me, blue-eyed Comedy! —Theodora Garrison, in the Era Magazine.

MUSIC IN THE EARLY DAYS

THE CITY BAND, STILL IN EXISTENCE, WAS ORGANIZED IN 1854.

Ole Bull, the Swedish Violinist, Was First Great Virtuoso to Come—Hans Von Buelow's Visit in 1876.

The musician who has lived in this city the longest is Adolph Schellschmidt, of 422 East Ohio street. Several well-known musicians have made their homes in this city for many years, but Mr. Schellschmidt leads them. He came to this town in 1854. Prof. H. D. Beissenherz came here twenty years later, while Professor R. A. Miller was only a year behind Mr. Schellschmidt. The career of the city band has been a long and prosperous one. It was organized in 1854 and is still in existence. Professor Miller is now the leader of it. The band had fifteen members when it was formed and was under the leadership of Henry Hahn, who was its promoter. During the civil war the band played for a hundred different regiments at home. When the soldiers returned on a furlough the band met them at the station and escorted them to the barracks, situated on West street, between Maryland and Washington streets. They were given a good meal and then the band escorted them to the Statehouse, where they were addressed by Governor Morton and General Mansfield. The soldiers were allowed to go to their homes then. Mr. Schellschmidt says that when the first allotment of soldiers was released on a furlough Colonel Blake was so proud of them that they were marched through all the principal streets. Mr. Schellschmidt says he will never forget it, because it was during the winter and was extremely cold. Mr. Schellschmidt has an excellent memory and is able to recall the names of nearly all of the famous musicians who appeared here when the city was in its infancy. All of the recitals were given in the Masonic Hall, until the Morrison Hall was built on South Meridian street. The Morrison Hall was built in 1860, and was situated at the northeast corner of Maryland and Meridian streets. The Masonic Hall always has been at the corner of Capitol avenue and Washington street, but it has been remodeled.

OLE BULL THE FIRST.
The first virtuoso to play in this town, said Mr. Schellschmidt can remember, was Ole Bull. He was a famous violin player, and appeared here in 1856. The admission fee was \$1, and the house was crowded. In 1857 Sigmond Thalberg, the greatest pianist of his time, played here. With him were Charlotte Patti and her sister, Amalia Strakosch, the wife of Maurice Strakosch, a famous musician. In 1859 Henry Vieuxtemps and Henry Cooper, both noted violinists, came with a concert troupe. In 1859 Cooper returned with an opera company. The people read in the Saturday morning papers that an opera was to be sung that night and that Henry Cooper was to direct it. On account of the rain that poured down that night and the short notice that had been given, it was thought that the audience would be very small, but, in spite of these difficulties, the house was packed. The orchestra, which was composed of musicians of this city, was not familiar with the music and was able to play but very little of it. Cooper and his violin made up the orchestra proper. Before the company left it gave two performances of "Sommambula" and "The Bohemian Girl."

Anna Miller was the prima donna and a man named Rudolph was the tenor. The admission was 25, 50 and 75 cents, and the hall was filled at every performance.

In 1858 the Metropolitan Opera House was opened and Mr. Schellschmidt and the rest of the most prominent musicians entered the orchestra. On account of this Mr. Schellschmidt missed a good many concerts given at the hall. In 1860 Morrison Hall was built and all of the musical shows were given there instead of in the Masonic Hall.

During the month of March, 1861, the Holman troupe of children sang a number of grand operas. They came from Canada. Those persons that are able to remember the noted singers of years ago will be sure to recall the wonderful work of Parepa, the famous soprano. She was married to Carl Rosa, a well-known violin player. They formed a troupe and sang the great operas both in this country and England. There is a troupe traveling in England now that goes under the name of "The Carl Rosa Opera Company." Jehu Prume, the nephew of Jehu Prume that wrote "Melancton" played here in 1859. The boy played this difficult composition in such a masterful way that it made him famous.

Hans von Buelow, a pianist who played Beethoven sonatas recently, came here in 1876 to give two recitals. He arrived in the city a few days before the recitals so that he could practice and get himself into shape. He practiced so much that persons living in the same wing of the hotel complained to the manager. As soon as Von Buelow heard of it he rented the whole wing of the hotel.

After Von Buelow had given one of his recitals a music teacher called on him. Von Buelow asked the teacher if he were present at the recital. The teacher said no. He had to direct his choral society that evening. Von Buelow told the professor that the members of his society could learn more by attending one of his recitals than he (the professor) could teach them in a year.

Von Buelow was the director of the opera in Richard Wagner's theater in Bayreuth. Von Buelow gave his wife Cosima to Wagner, who had fallen in love with her. She is a daughter of Franz Liszt and lives in Bayreuth now.

After the Chicago fire, in 1871, the Philharmonic Society was organized in this city. A benefit was given for the sufferers from the fire, in which \$300 was realized. Bernhard Vogt was the director and R. A. Miller was the president.

WHITE HOUSE REMODELING.

The Building Is Closed to Visitors Until Next December.

Washington Post.
"What! Can't we get into the White House?" an elderly woman exclaimed yesterday, when she was confronted by the sign "Closed," which hangs at the main entrance to the executive mansion.

"Well, we must get in," she protested, when told that the house will not open again to the public until December. "This woman came from the other side of the world to take a look at Washington and can't go away without seeing the White House."

The old lady was so earnest that the doorkeeper allowed her and her friend from a remote corner of the earth to step into the main entrance of the building. They did not act like foreign-travelers, people, so the doorkeeper inquired what part of the world they came from.

The Wm. H. Block Co.

GREAT BARGAINS IN White Wash Goods

Satin Striped Madras—A very fine cloth, in three patterns, highly ornamented stripes, makes beautiful ladies' waists and dresses and men's shirts, washes splendidly. 22 inches wide, 40c quality, preinventory sale price..... 19

CORDED BATISTE—Make handsome waists or dresses, 32 inches wide, 25c quality, per yard..... 14

OPEN-WORK SWISS—With stripe combination, 27 inches wide, for waists and dresses, regular 20c quality, preinventory sale price..... 12

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FANCY LAWN—With combination of dainty and a wide stripe, very beautiful sheer fabric for waists or dresses 12 1/2c quality, per yard..... 12 1/2

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SHRUNK DUCK—For full suits or separate skirts, 25c quality, per yard..... 14

PLAIN PIQUE—20c quality, preinventory sale price..... 17

DIMITIES—In checks and stripes, 30c quality, per yard..... 5

INDIA LINON—20 inches wide, 12c quality..... 6

INDIA LINON—32 inches wide, sheer and fine, 25c quality..... 12 1/2

FRENCH ORGANDY—72 inches wide, extra fine, for evening and street dresses, 70c quality, per yard..... 42

PERSIAN LAWN—22 inches wide, 30c quality, per yard..... 9

PALE SWISS MULL—The genuine imported, makes handsome street dresses, as well as for evening wear, 32 inches wide, 20c quality, per yard..... 20

TUCKED LAWN AND LACE ALL-OVERS

12 STYLES of fine tucked lawn, in clusters of five tucks each and five rows fine Valenciennes lace insertion, 22 inches wide, correct styles for whole waists, yokes, sleeves and corset covers, regular 60c quality, special, per yard..... 42

18-INCH EMBROIDERY FLOUNCINGS

A NEW LOT PRETTY PATTERNS, some with leading scallops, suitable for corset covers, shirtwaist fronts and skirt flouncings, special values 48c, 35c, 33c and..... 25 a yard

The Wm. H. Block Co.

OUR COLORED WASH GOODS SUPREMACY

Is acknowledged on every hand. The immense variety of weaves, colorings and designs is nowhere equaled. Prices, we're sure, will please you. Specials for Monday:

CORDED AND STRIPED LAWNS, thousands of various patterns, all colors, 10c quality..... 5

BATISTES, fine and sheer, all new choice printings, in every color, 15c quality, 18c quality, all new styles..... 7 1/2

BATISTE, the best quality, a grand collection of beautiful styles and colorings, 18c quality..... 10

FANCY LINEN BATISTES, some with lace stripes, others are dainty corded effects, in the popular linen shades, 19c quality..... 15

DOTTED SWISSES, your choice of over 100 pieces, all styles and colors..... 12 1/2

FRENCH ORGANDIES, 33 inches wide, complete line of evening shades, 15c quality..... 15

IRISH LINEN BATISTES, those made at Belfast, Ireland, are pure linen, 31 inches wide, very fine and sheer, in the new linen shades, the 35c quality for the 25c quality..... 25

SILK AND LINEN BATISTES, 44 inches wide, made of pure silk and linen; are very effective when made over colors, the 60c quality..... 48

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Is acknowledged on every hand. The immense variety of weaves, colorings and designs is nowhere equaled. Prices, we're sure, will please you. Specials for Monday:

IMPORTED SWISSES, handsome foulard designs, neatly embroidered, all colors, 10c quality..... 39

FANCY SILK MOUSSELINES, embroidered in dots, some with lace stripes, elegant foulard printings, in all the new tints, the 60c quality..... 48

MERCERIZED FOUILLARDS, very silky and fine, an elegant line of nobby styles, all colors, the 25c quality..... 15

RIBBON TISSUES, a very fine and sheer cloth, with satin ribbon stripes, white grounds, with stylish printings, in all colors, the 90c quality..... 29

MERCERIZED LACE STRIPE TISSUES, new and dainty, lace stripe effects, in all the popular tints, the regular 25c quality..... 25

SILK ZEPHYRS, sheer and fine, in all the popular tints, the regular 25c quality..... 15

SKIRTING DUCKS, extra fine and heavy, plain colors as well as polka dots, ring dots and stripes, in a complete line of colors..... 12 1/2

BLOUSE AND LINEN DUCKS, for skirts and suitings, in the light and dark linen shades, a large variety at 25c per yard on down to..... 12 1/2

REAR BARGAIN TABLE

25c Ribbons, per Yard, 16c

ALL-SILK WASH TAFFETA, 3 1/4 inches wide, plain and moired, white, pink, blue, maize, red and helio, regular 25c quality.

ALL-SILK SATIN TAFFETA, 3 1/4 inches wide, in all the new summer colors, also white and black, regular 25c quality.

FANCY STRIPPED RIBBONS, 3 1/2 to 4 inches wide, a dozen combinations in all the new tints, 25c and 29c qualities.

12 1/2c and 15c Ribbons, per Yard, 10c

All-silk, 3 1/4 inches wide, plain Taffeta and Louise, with small dots and figures, light blue, pink, white, red, maize and turquoise, regular 12 1/2c and 15c qualities, per yard..... 10

The Wm. H. Block Co.

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Our stock is the most complete in the State. Guarantee our prices the lowest.

SUIT CASES
Steel frame, brass lock and bolts, leather handle and corners, worth \$1.15..... \$2.50 to \$30.00

TRUNKS
We make our trunks, use only good material, 2-ply veneer tops, in bureau, dress, skirt, hat, steamer, raton, gent's etc., variety of colorings, the 25c quality..... \$2.50 to \$30.00

TRAVELING BAGS
We have every kind, made in all shapes and sizes, for men, women and children..... 50c to \$30.00

TRUNKS AND CASES MADE TO ORDER. TRUNK REPAIRING given special attention.

Members Merchants Association. Telephone Main 1724, New Bldg. R. R. Fares Refunded.

RUBBER STORE
L. E. MORRISON & CO.
TRUNK STORE
27 W. WASHINGTON ST.

reception room. As they came out the old lady thanked the doorkeeper and remarked: "Well, we're satisfied now. I never could have gone home without going to the White House."

Workers were busy in the East Room all day yesterday tearing down the finery which had been used for the inauguration, preparatory to the work of remodeling. The furniture has all been removed from the room and yesterday the great mirrors and the moldings were taken from the walls and placed in storage. The chandeliers, which were 500 glass spikes, which have prompted much talking on the part of guides, were taken down and the old portraits of American presidents were removed from the walls. Much of the furniture has also been packed in the other rooms in the White House.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

How to Make the Best of a Small Plot of Ground.

New York Mail and Express.
"What I would like to know," said the man with the hoe, "is how a man with a suburban lot fifty by two hundred feet can make the best use of it. I am reasonable. I simply want enough flowers and salads of my own production to remind me of my birthright in the earth."

The revival of interest in gardening finds many such complaints. For many years the trowel has been an unfamiliar implement in the hand of the amateur, for obvious reasons. While the prevailing fashion for beautifying suburban plots and the larger parks around country houses was to break up smooth clipped lawns with jewel-like beds in conventional designs, the professional gardener could have no rival. Clipping bedding plants and cutting out grass edges is a laborious task which does not tempt one to do it for love, yet it requires a degree of skill which would make such an attempt a certain failure.

Now, however, the gardens of our grandmothers have returned to fashion, and instead of offering gay annuals by the hundreds or thousands for bedding plants, the florist is calling attention to the perennials which made early American gardens a delight.

light from the time the first crocus blossomed in March till the last chrysanthemum was gathered for the Thanksgiving table.

A little time, a little ground and a little money will afford a love of a garden if the choice of flowers is made with discretion and the care of them marked by diligence. The man who succeeds with the small garden is the one who tills it as regularly as the farmer tills his field. He devotes almost as little time to the process. It has been proved that if you pull ten weeds a day and pursue this policy throughout the season, a large bed of perennials can be kept in excellent order. And the man who keeps his garden in this way will find that the pleasure he derives from it is far greater than that of the man who keeps it in the old-fashioned manner.

Gardening for pleasure is hindered by this ambition to grow violets. Just as the pursuit of cookery for the love of the process rather than the result is hampered by the unavailability of the inexperienced in choosing the Spanish omelette on which to begin.

The blue flag, loveliest of all flowers in form, as the history of floral ornament witnesses, returns the same generous interest on the original investment, while the blue bell, day lilies and hardy chrysanthemums add to the list of plants which almost take care of themselves, and help to keep the garden calendar gay throughout the season.

There must be a few annuals, of course. Mignonette and pansies, sweet peas and asters give plenty of bloom and little trouble, except, of course, the sweet peas, which have to be planted during a March thaw, involving rubber boots and general unpleasantness. All these annuals can be planted in the garden in the intervals between the perennials, for the old-fashioned garden should be laid out in one large border but against a wall or fence, whenever this is possible.

Such a garden requires less labor than any other, while the arrangement of it gives the widest latitude artistic feeling and common sense. Flowers which bloom at the same season must be kept apart, the harmonious in color, bushy shrubs must not overshadow low-growing delicate plants, and the entire effect must be composed as carefully as a picture, so that areas of harmonious bloom will be distributed in the green setting throughout the season.

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